4 June

Jght now I am again in the same intellectual state as before writing *Andre Walter:* the same emotional complexity, the same systems of vibrations that I noted in January '90.1 am led to the conclusion that this is perhaps the state of mind which will always precede a new period of production and follow a long rest.

10 June

Yesterday a moment of sagging. I had forgotten that; for a long time now my mind has remained alert and triumphant. But yesterday, for a few hours during the afternoon, my head felt soft and I didn't dare speak, so deeply was I annoyed in advance by the inanities I knew I would say.

Today intelligence has returned, but it is calm, without that amusing fermentation which, a few days ago, prevented me from reading. Today I reached the doldrums; or rather a forewarning, a fear at the approach of the doldrums. The doldrums are made up especially of pride; I don't mind that; but one suffers dreadfully. One even goes so far as to long for physical suffering or for some mental degradation to push adrift that aimless anguish of the soul and wear it out.

The great figure of Byron appears to me again, as it did last summer when I had the blues for the first time. , . .

I am reading Carlyle, who annoys me and awakens my enthusiasm at one and the same time. I made the mistake of reading the second lecture (of *Heroes and Hero-Worship*) out of a sense of duty. I never penetrated it. This is absurd. I should never read anything in that way. The first lecture, on the other hand, made such an impression on me that I thought I should never finish reading it. Every line called for a quarter of an hour of reflexions and musings. It has given me the desire and already almost the habit of a certain moral defiance, slightly cantankerous but none the less admirable, and surely the only

attitude capable of great things.

An impression worth noting (but I shall remember it anyway) is the sound of a piano in a closed-up house (the de Flaux house in Uzes). You open the shutters; the sounds reverberate. Above all the smell; of cretonne and mouse dung. And also the flat notes of the piano; a puny, almost tremulous sound; for playing Bach it is perfect.

One thing that is Indisputable is that Pierre Louis is thoroughly practical while I am hardly at all. But I don't want to be, I take pride